

# MRS. SCOTT TELLS HOW TO USE POTATOES IN MAKING OF BREAD

Expert Gives Recipes Supplementing the Advice of Government Experts.

By MRS. ANNA B. SCOTT.  
(Culinary Expert of the Philadelphia North American.)

"Use potatoes in making bread," says the United States government in a bulletin advising the American housewife.

"We've been doing it for years," some of these housewives reply. "Yet there are a host of others who have never tried it. To them 'bread is bread.' Because it is the 'staff of life' and on the table three times a day they regard bread as a fixed commodity which needs no variety nor diversion."

But this is just the reason why a variety of bread is to be desired. Try putting whole wheat bread or rolls on the table occasionally and see if the family doesn't enjoy them. Or give them sweet potato bread, parsnip bread, nut bread, raisin bread—you can have a different kind of bread for each day of the week if you wish.

For those who have never tried anything but plain wheat bread I have prepared recipes for some other varieties:

**White Potato Bread.**  
Two cups boiled potatoes put through strainer.

Four cups water or two of milk and two of water.

Two tablespoons lard or butter.

One tablespoon salt.

One tablespoon sugar.

Ten to twelve cups flour.

One yeast cake.

Sift parts of flour into bowl; add milk and water which have been boiled and cooled, add salt, melted lard, potato and yeast, which have been dissolved in half a cup of lukewarm water with the sugar. Beat until smooth; add the remainder of flour and knead until elastic; set in warm place until it has risen double in quantity (about six hours); then mold into loaves; put in pans which have been buttered with lard or butter; set to rise until it is light or double in quantity; put in moderate oven, bake for fifty to sixty minutes; brush top with milk and return to oven a few minutes. Be sure the fresh boiled potatoes are put through fruit press or mashed through wire strainer, and be sure to have the right kind of pan—sheet-iron or glass pans are best.

**Sweet Potato Bread.**

Four cups fresh boiled sweet potatoes.

One-fourth cup molasses.

One-fourth cup shortening, lard or oleomargarine.

One tablespoon salt.

Four cups water, or half water and half milk.

One yeast cake.

One teaspoon sugar.

Eight to ten cups of flour.

Boil the potatoes with the skins on; skin and put through potato ricer or mash through strainer at once; add molasses and oleomargarine while warm and beat until light and smooth. Sift two-thirds of flour into bowl; add boiled liquid which must be lukewarm, and salt and yeast which have been dissolved in half cupful of lukewarm water. Add the sugar and beat until smooth; then add the potatoes and enough flour to make a soft dough that can be handled without sticking to the hand. Set to rise from six to seven hours; then make into three loaves (brick pans) which have been brushed with lard or oleomargarine; set to rise a second time and when double in quantity, brush top with milk and put in moderate oven from fifty to sixty minutes. A sheet iron or glass bakeware is best. Bright or new tins do not bake the bread very nicely.

**Parsnip Bread or Roll.**

Three cups of fresh boiled mashed parsnips.

Two cups warm milk and two cups of water.

Two tablespoons butter or other shortening.

One teaspoon salt.

One teaspoon sugar.

Eight cups flour.

One yeast cake.

Boil the parsnips; when tender put in strainer and let stand one hour; then mash through strainer; add the milk, water and butter (the water and milk must be boiled and cooled); dissolve the yeast in one-fourth cupful of warm water with the sugar; mix well; then sift flour and work until smooth. Place on floured board and knead until stiff. Set in warm place to rise until double in quantity; make into three loaves or two loaves and a pan of rolls. Brush with milk and bake from fifty to sixty minutes. This makes a very good bread for those who like a soft bread or soft rolls.

**Peanut Butter Bread.**

One cup peanut butter.

Two cups of milk and two cups of water.

One tablespoon salt.

One teaspoon sugar.

One yeast cake.

Ten to twelve cups of flour.

The milk and water are boiled and cooled; put the peanut butter in a small bowl with a cup of the warm liquid and mix until smooth; add it to the rest of liquid; put into large bowl and add sifted flour, salt and yeast which have been dissolved with a little warm water and sugar. Beat until smooth; then place on floured board and knead until stiff. Let rise seven hours in warm place (or until light); make into four loaves; let rise until double in quantity; brush top with milk; place in moderate oven and bake from forty to fifty minutes. This makes a very good bread for bread and butter sandwiches.

**Raisin Bread.**

One cup seeded raisins which have been washed and dried.

Two cups scalded milk, or half milk and water.

Two tablespoons shortening, butter or lard.

Two teaspoons salt.

One yeast cake.

Two tablespoons warm water.

Four to four and one-half cups of flour.

Soak the milk, add salt and shortening, cool until lukewarm; add half the flour and yeast cake, which have been dissolved in warm water; beat the mixture eight to ten minutes; add raisins and flour to make stiff dough. Turn out on floured board and knead until smooth; return to bowl and set in warm place until double in quantity. Be sure the yeast is fresh and

remember there is a difference in flour, some taking more moisture than others.

**Whole Wheat Bread.**

One and one-half cups scalded milk, cooled.

One and one-half cups lukewarm water.

One yeast cake.

Three tablespoons sugar.

Three tablespoons shortening.

One and one-half teaspoons salt.

Seven cups flour.

Dissolve the yeast in a little lukewarm water. Add sugar to the yeast.

Dissolve shortening in warm milk and add the salt. Add the liquid slowly to the flour, the yeast last and enough flour to make a soft dough. Put in bowl, cover and set in warm place to double its bulk. Then knead and mold into loaves. Brush pan with lard or butter. Put in loaves, cover and set to rise a second time. It should be double in quantity. Bake slowly one hour.

## DEAD HUSBAND TALKS TO HER, SHE DECLARES

Watches Body Six Days and Nights until Voice Told Her to Cremate It.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 28.—The body of JAMES K. TURNER, at the side of which his widow spent six days and six nights in devotion and in reverence of his theory of life, has found its last resting place in the home where he had lived.

At sundown Tuesday, obeying a voice which Mrs. Turner says was communicated to her as her husband lay dead, the widow took the body to a crematory, and she says, the same mysterious voice caused her to bring the ashes to her home.

**Widely Known Editor.**

Mr. Turner was a widely known editor and business man. He belonged to no church, yet held closely throughout his life to metaphysical theories.

Friends of Mrs. Turner had been wondering about his funeral and his last messages, as he had been a student of the occult world. He had been a close friend of Elbert Hubbard and had told his friends of receiving inspiration from Mr. Hubbard after the sage of East Aurora sank with the Lusitania.

**Was Not a Spiritualist.**

"He was not a spiritualist in any sense of the word," Mrs. Turner said, "yet he believed in the communication from departed friends he had helped in life, and who had helped him."

Mrs. Turner explained that her husband had expressed wishes that no funeral be held for him, that there be no mourning and no flowers. She said a mysterious voice had come to her Tuesday saying the appointed hour for cremation had come.

**Obedied the Voice.**

"It was the same voice that had helped us through the crisis of his death, and so I obeyed, although I had hoped to keep him with us for another day," said Mrs. Turner.

Through the last hours of his illness, following Mr. Turner's return in a special car from New York, Mrs. Turner was constantly at his bedside, attending to his every wish.

And then the long vigil at his bed began, the widow not even stirring for food or sleep from the room where his body lay. She waited for the message which would command her to dispose of the body. Other messages, she said, had helped her and her daughters, Nora and Norine, through the crisis of bereavement.

**Tells of Message.**

"I was standing near the radiator yesterday," Mrs. Turner said, "when the mysterious message came. It said, 'Tuesday,' and I proceeded at once to arrange for the last ceremony."

Among his close personal friends, Mr. Turner claimed Elbert Hubbard as his closest. Mr. Turner and Mr. Hubbard had held conferences frequently, discussing life, death and the beyond, their discussions, Alex. Fournier, the French painter who decorated the salon of Elbert Hubbard's Roycroft Inn with famous paintings, also joined at times.

Not long after the Lusitania disaster friends saw Mr. Turner received messages and inspirations from Mr. Hubbard. On one occasion, it is said, Mr. Turner seized a pen and began to write a short poem.

**Oddity in Poetry.**

When the poem was finished, Mr. Turner said that much to his astonishment he discovered that the first letter of every line, if placed together, would spell the name of Elbert Hubbard, except for one letter in the last name.

After this incident Mr. Turner clung more closely to his theories of a metaphysical life.

"I find it difficult to explain his theories," Mrs. Turner said. "Yet a book entitled 'In Tune with the Infinite' most nearly describes his attitudes."

Mr. Turner's magazines, the Mediator, advanced the cause of better relations between capital and labor in accordance with Mr. Turner's own theories.

**HARVARD'S INFANT PRODIGY FINDS TEXAS GIRLS BOLD**

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 28.—Harvard's "infant prodigy," William James Sidis, who has just ended a year as a teacher at the Rice Institute at Houston, Texas, and returned to Harvard to study law, declares that Texas girls are bold.

"It's terrible in Texas," he told a friend recently. "They want to naturalize you, and the best way they can think of is to get you married to one of their girls. Gosh, it's fierce. The girls even proposed to me in public. It was awful, the newspapers got hold of it and I had a dreadful time."

"How do you like the Texas girls?" some one asked.

"I don't," was his decisive reply.

## BISHOP'S ORDER KEEPS PRIESTS FROM THEATER

"Tendency of Theater Downward," He Says; Chicago Rectors are Affected.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—News has come from Chicago that, supplementing the ban on dancing issued by the papal authorities at Rome, Archbishop Mundelein, the newly-appointed head of the Chicago archdiocese, auxiliary bishop of Brooklyn, has given out an order prohibiting the priests under his jurisdiction from attending the theater. Inquiry at the cathedral last night, says the World, disclosed the fact that this rule is only a diocesan regulation, which if enforced, would only apply to the New York archdiocese. In fact, it is only the enforcement in Chicago of the general law laid down by the council of Baltimore in 1886 for the United States, forbidding priests to attend theaters.

Cardinal Farley at the last synod held two years ago in New York called the attention of the clergy to this law on the church's statute books.

"It is decreed that our priests must never be present at horse racing or public theaters and likewise at spectacles known as operas."

This rule, however, in the archdiocese of New York has only taken the form of a recommendation and has not been enforced under pain of ecclesiastical censure, and it is not expected by the clergy that the cardinal will give any further attention to the matter.

In stating his reason for the special ban on theater-going, the Chicago archbishop said:

"The tendency of the theater is downward. The priests have enough to do in caring for their parishes, and it is not much of a sacrifice for them to give up all attendance on the theater."

"For instance," declared the bishop, "I am well acquainted with the author of one of the popular plays shown in Chicago theaters this season and I could have had the whole theater to myself had I chosen to go. But if I had gone out of friendship for the author Catholics would have said: 'The archbishop goes to the theater,' and theatergoers would have been given full authority. The priests have the same kind of influence."

**MARRIED FOLK GIVEN THE KEY TO HAPPINESS**

"Pretty Face is Poor Substitute for Good Cooking," Says a Preacher.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 28.—The Rev. Dr. A. W. Beaven, pastor of the Lake avenue Baptist church, in Rochester, started in Sunday evening to tell an audience of several hundred men and women at the First Baptist church, "how to be happy, though married," but he paraphrased his topic into "How to Be Happy and Married," and he didn't seem to have a hard time of it at all.

Right from the first he admitted that his topic had a pessimistic twist to it, and also that it was capable of facetious interpretation that he did not like. He treated his subject in a profoundly earnest way, and what started in to be a lecture ended up by being better than an average sermon.

Perhaps the best summary of Dr. Beaven's solution of the problem he set up in the subject of his lecture was in the last two questions he asked, speaking in a purely imperative way, of course.

"How can I learn the fine art of living with my wife?" and

"How can I learn the fine art of living with my husband?"

The answer to both questions is relatively simple, according to the processes outlined by Dr. Beaven. In his opinion, it is an obligation upon every husband and every wife to specialize during the early years of married life in the business of learning "when to put on the soft pedal; to learn what the things are which result in irritation and rebellion."

"They stir too much. It was very annoying. But I am happy to say that article No. 32 of my constitution, which prohibits kissing or familiarity with girls is still unblemished."

Sidis was one of Harvard's most remarkable students. He entered the university when little more than a child and was graduated at the age students generally enter a high school.

**CHEWING AND SMOKING BY KANSAS TEACHERS BANNED**

BAIRDWIN, Kan., Oct. 28.—"The young man who uses tobacco in any form at Baker University cannot teach in the schools of Kansas," is the decree Miss Lillian Scott, formerly head of the Kansas State Teachers' Association, now chairman of the appointments committee, has issued.

"I will not recommend a young man for a teaching position who smokes," declared Miss Scott. "I am going to take drastic steps in my campaign against this habit."

and to avoid them; to learn what the things are which result in peace, contentment and mutual willingness to help and to emphasize them."

A relatively small part of the time Dr. Beaven spoke was devoted to being happy, though—or, and—married. He centered most of his energies on outlining the conditions in the homes which are responsible mainly for the large number of unhappy and unsuccessful marriages in the United States.

Most of the troubles, he said, arise in the home from which the young husbands and young wives derive their ideas and training. There is a great deal of "inherited unhappiness," he said. One of the great troubles is the prevalence of a false conception of what constitutes "marrying well."

"You young men want to remember," he said, "that a pretty face is a poor substitute for good cooking; and you young women want to remember that an automobile is a poor substitute for the ability to hang on to a good hard job, week in and week out."

"The Good Book says that they are a place for everything," said old man Greenlaw, "but I'm dawgoned—"

And here he paused, indicating by his manner that he had for once come across a problem too intricate for him to understand clearly. It seemed to trouble him.

"They've been a heap said," he continued finally, "certainly Job havin' been a all-fired patient man, 'long of the Lawd havin' done smit him with 'fo' biles, but I done had six on 'em now inside of three months, an' I ain't 'discovered what they's anythin' 'bout a bile what makes a man patient, nor I ain't found what they is any good place fo' to have 'em. 'Pears like they must be sumpin' wrong."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Owen Pepper, in an airy, trivial manner. "I always found what they was one place fo' a biles, but I done had a biles onto that don't cause him no inconvenience to speak of."

Withheld by Mr. Pepper.

"Where's that?" demanded the old man, sharply. He was not always tolerant of Mr. Pepper's remarks.

"Onto a other man's neck," said Mr. Pepper. Then he went away from there.

Some time afterward the old man returned to the little saloon in Arkansas City, which he conducted, and in which this colloquy had occurred. Putting his bungstarter back in the corner where he always kept it, he sat down and breathed heavily.

"The wicked does when they ain't nobody painin' 'em," he said, "but it's some different with Pepper. When he sets in the 'lloon I'm gen'ly reminded o' the man in the Good Book what went into a temple fo' to pray. He done give thanks fo' not bein' like what other men was. 'Pears like 'cordin' to that Pepper 'd ought fo' to be prayin' most o' the time 'stead o' settin' 'round makin' painful 'pressions."

**Fluctuating Values.**

It is reported that the Carranza government is no longer trying to force the acceptance of its money at a fixed valuation as it formerly did with heavy penalties for refusal. In El Paso, Carranza paper money recently was bought by brokers at \$2.45 for \$100 Carranza currency.

Newspapers for the interior, carrying advertisements of merchants, shows how the Carranza currency is valued and fluctuates. A newspaper from Saltillo, Coahuila, carries an advertisement of a bargain sale of shoes at \$40 to \$60 a pair. It also contains an official notice that the city wishes to employ policemen at \$8 a day.

Another paper from a small town in northern Mexico carries an advertisement of a book-seller, who desires to dispose of sets of Herbert Spencer, translated into Spanish at \$50 to \$80 the volume, according to the binding. The three volume work of a celebrated writer on political economy is offered at the cheap price of \$250. All of these prices are in Carranza money. Prices like these are frequent and appear in advertisements in many newspapers.

**On Gold Basis.**

Some merchants, however, realize that the price of Carranza money today may not be the same tomorrow or a week hence, and refrain from stating prices in their published announcements. Often the price is stated to be in "oro nacional," "national gold," which means the price is figured on the gold basis.

The Mexican dollar, or peso, gold, has the intrinsic value of half the American gold dollar, or fifty cents. By advertising his ware in "oro nacional," the merchant saves himself vexatious explanations and very frequently some money. It also means that he is willing to accept the Carranza currency at the lowest current rate of exchange.

**Proposes to a Girl's Head**

Proposal Rejected by Beauty, Who Said a Cranium Could Not Milk Cows.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 28.—The strangest marriage proposal in all the history of love affairs was made on the county fair grounds recently.

Jeff, owner of a prosperous farm in Sauk county, fell in love with a girl's head.

The owner of the head was Ruth, one of the attractions at the fair. You could not see a sign of her body. Only her head. Apparently poised on the surface of a delicate spider web, which was perfectly transparent. She had a pair of dazzling eyes and a bewitching smile.

Jeff fell in love with the eyes and the smile.

"I like you a terrible lot," he said loud enough to reach the ears of a reporter who was standing next to him. "I'd like to see more of you, Miss Ruth."

"This is all there is of me," said the head gravely. "I was born without a body. I manage to live by just imagining that I am all complete like other girls. That proves the power of the mind, doesn't it?"

Jeff gasped. He did not bear the titter of spectators. Then he prayed his trump card. He asked Miss Ruth to marry him, and the crowd cheered him as he laughed.

"Will you carry me home in your trunk," replied the head. Say, that would be a exciting life, wouldn't it? You could keep me in the pantry on a coup plate, and carry me in the parlor every night for a nice loving chat."

"All the same," insisted Jeff stubbornly, "I'd marry you. You got all the girls in the county beat for looks."

"Say, my friend," retorted the mysterious Ruth, "did you ever see a head that could milk cows, fry bacon, make beds, feed the chickens, handle a team of horses or plough forty acres of cornfield? I'd make a peach of a

# OLD GREENLAW TELLS ANOTHER POKER YARN

Withers Redeems the Family Fortunes by Applying Himself to Draw Poker.

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**Different If He's Married.**

"Speakin' o' biles," said Sam Pearsall, "they is times when a man don't give a d—n whether he has 'em or not."

"Not if he's sober, they ain't," declared the old man very positively.

"Well, retorted Pearsall, he ain't liable fo' to be sober much o' the time if he's married."

Nobody seemed to think of any adequate rejoinder to this and gloomy silence ensued. It was broken soon afterward by Jake Winterbottom, who said in a discouraged way:

"I al'ways regarded a 'lloon as a place fo' to be jovial into. 'Pears like this un is gettin' to be c'n'sid'able like a mornin' bench at camp meetin', what with matrimony an' biles an' aitch. I reckon ev'rybody is got troubles of his own. I done got wounded my ownself into the wab, but I don't never 'prade the sear. 'Pears like it's mo' decent like to keep things like that to yo' self."

**Admits He Is Married.**

"Gawd knows," said Pearsall earnestly, "I don't feel like I was 'pradin' nothin' 'long o' bein' fo'ed to 'cknowledg' what I's a married man."

"No," said the old man, who also seemed to feel the sting of Winterbottom's rebuke, "nor they can't nobody say what I's done put none of them six biles on exhibition. I reckon I c'n suffer silent an' be strong's well 's the next, but it's al'ways thataway."

"It's like what the Good Book says: 'Drink an' they's them'll drink with yo', but if yo' go dry yo'll have to go it alone.' 'Pears like if a man happens to delude to a tribulation of him, all he gits is a c'n'temptuous hoot."

"Well," said Jim Blaisdell, coolly, "I ain't never seen yo' all display no great amount of sympathy fo' nobody what's done lose his wad into a game o' poker."

**Willing to Aid Them.**

"That's how little yo' knows," retorted the old man, with much heat. "My heart aches fo' 'em, mo' special when they 'pears to be a chanct o' their spen' a 'xpense to the c'munity fo' their spen'. I'm al'ways ready fo' to give 'em best fare, rather 'n to have 'em stay 'round under their circumstans. It relieves my feelin' an' comes cheap, bein's I has to pay mo' 'n half the taxes what's collected in this here town."

"They was a c'n'sp'uous 'exmple o' that in Greenville when I was yo' young man what I never forgot."

At this moment Mr. Pearsall groaned loudly and rising from his chair left the saloon.

"Young Billy Withers was th' 'xample," continued the old man. "He wa'n't much different 'm none o' th' other young fellers what was growin' up at the time, on'y his pa done neglected his education somepin' shameful."

"'Pears like he didn't had no reelin' sense o' the obligations of a parent, an' he hadn't never gave him no 'instructions 'bout the fine pints o' poker. Consequent, Billy growed up mo' 'n less igno'ant."

**Unlaid to Teach Him.**

"O' co'se they was some others in the c